

Dew-Walks at Dawn and Four Baths at Once

These Are New Summer Stunts that
Sound Refreshing and that Should
Make Lots of People Happy.

Get Up Early and Go
to Central Park for
the Dew-Walk.

The Four Baths You
May Take When-
ever You Like in
Your Flat.

By Diane de Morgny.

IF you are like the cat-
erpillar, you will find the
dew-walk at dawn in
Central Park is the latest
smart thing, and taking
four baths at a time is
something else that is new and that
would seem to recommend itself of-
hand to the stay-at-home New Yorker.

As you approach skirts are quickly
let down and eyes too, and the whole
figure seems to shrink so that short
skirts cover bare pink feet. For dew-
walking, as the rejuvenated Khepp
cure is called, though fine for the con-
stitution, hasn't yet gained the full ap-
proval of the ordinary public, and the
hardcored person may not know that
you, too, are a drizzle of the water
cure and drink your two gallons of
aquapura distillata and take several
baths per diem.

The dew-walkers in Central Park
take the dew-walk, never the high-walk.
Most of them are men, but there are
a few women, too. They are dressed
in white, and nothing so so refreshing
beneficial and rejuvenating as the
early morning stockless walks.

These early morning walks are more
suited to the nervous system than
similar exercises at any other time of
the day. And the large pores in the
soles of the feet, so often neglected,
get the necessary amount of moisture
and ventilation at the same time.

New York has a dozen or more estab-
lishments in which the water cure and
water treatments of all kinds for every
imaginable ailment are given.



FOUR BATHS AT ONCE.
Just now at home in the illustra-
tion who is soothing himself with the
quadruple plunge and tell me if it is not
inviting.

If you are a very early riser and
have gone to Central Park before the
dew is off the grass or the mist has
lifted from the lawn, you have certainly
seen every now and then, as you turn
the abrupt corner of a path, the figure
of a woman walking gingerly, upon the
grass, her skirts held high and bare
feet wet with dew.

Paying Monthly Bills.

At the Grocery.
"HATS THAT? Ten dollars and a half."
"Yes, your bill for the month totals ten and a half."
"By George, this is outrageous. I never heard of such robbery.
Let's see, you are charging me 50 cents for sugar. Why, I can buy
enough sugar for 20 cents to last me four months."
"Can't help it. Prices have gone up, you know."
"Yes, that's your excuse. Every time a person kicks you find this old
answer about prices going up. I'm getting tired of it. A man should at least get
his money's worth. Now, I'll settle this bill, but I want you to understand in
the future there will have to be a change. There are other groceries, you know.
Plenty of them! Do you understand?"

At the Corner Cafe.
"Forty dollars and twenty-five cents."
"Forty dollars? Is that all? Well, well, I'm getting off cheap
this month. I'll just buy a round of drinks on my small bill. Come
on, boys, all take one on me."
"It's up to \$11 exactly."
"That brings your money. Now we're square. I always like to trade at this
place, because I know I'm getting my money's worth."—From the June Bo-
hemian.

The Highest Flights of Birds.

HUMPHREY said a condor rose 7,000 yards and other men of authority de-
clared that birds of passage flew from five to twelve thousand yards above
the surface. But balloon observers now assert that these figures are not
only erroneous but impossible. At 7,000 yards the air's rarefaction would cause
the exhaustion of the bird. Flying at the 10,000-yard height would be very un-
pleasant, if possible, for there the temperature drops to 60 degrees below zero.
Prof. J. Poeschel, of Frankfurt, declares that the vast majority of birds rise no
higher than 1,000 yards. Most do not go beyond a few hundred yards into the air,
even on long flights. There are exceptions, of course, but they by no means reach
the altitudes previously given. Crows have been observed flying at a height
of 1,400 yards, a lark was encountered at 1,900 yards and an eagle which had
ascended to a height of 3,000 yards is on record. Prof. Poeschel, while up in a
balloon at night, met with a flock of birds 2,300 yards above terra firma.

A Leg or Arm Off a Day.

THERE is an average of one leg or arm amputated in New York City
each day in consequence of accidents caused by the surface, elevated
or subway cars.



IF YOU ARE CHANGING THE COLOR OF YOUR HAIR-AND UNLESS YOU'RE A BLONDE YOU'LL HAVE TO- JUST BLAME IT ON THE SUN

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer



THIS is the year for woman's hair.
She is giving her "crowning glory" more
room and attention than it has at since the
sorghous days when Mme. Pompadour and other
feather-headed ladies were erecting their locks into
singer Building coiffures that fairly wafted around in
the welkin.

Women are spending time and money on their hair
now, and are called to the assistance of nature in
extending, blanching and humanizing the hirsute crop.
Indeed, artificially colored hair is all the go—natural
tresses must be made to match the curls and puffs that
come from the hair shops—and before many weeks pass over
the head of feminine New York you need not be surprised to see
it changing its fluffy hues, until all the Mmes. and Misses Manhattan are
thatched alike, and a hairless assemblage of them will look like a Kansas
wheatfield glistening in the sunlight.

And the sun is in on the game, too. In the end, unless great care is
taken, it is expected to do its share in
bringing about this glorious result,
and if it doesn't—why it will get the
blame—or credit—anyhow.

No woman likes to be accused of dy-
ing or bleaching her hair. But now she has
found an excuse for its amazing color.
"Isn't your hair getting lighter?"
"Is it? Why, I don't think so. Well,
perhaps it is. You see, I've been out in
the sun so much, going without a hat.
Probably the sun has bleached it."

That's the way they're doing all over
Blaming it on the sun, if their hair
varies in color and is growing lighter.
Though some of us know that it is
probably peroxide, potash or henna or
chemical that is changing her ladyship's
hair to a more fashionable color.

It is the fall now to sit around with
loosened hair on roof tops, on the back
or in the garden. And no one would
think of blaming a woman for trying
to ventilate her hair or sun it, as it is
known to be the healthiest thing for
her crown of glory.

Mousse-colored hair never was fashion-
able, and now it's quite impossible. If
your hair is brown or gray, it must have
kicks of red or a dash of sunlight in
it, and the summer months are used
to give these precious gleams silver
and by degrees so that nobody notices
the transition.

In the autumn the sun is blamed for
the change. Of course the sun works
wonders, and the majestic orb is in-
terior time it doesn't matter what
one says at its door.

Hair-dressers—visiting hair-dressers
particularly—are laying in a stock of
different chemical and vegetable de-
vices which they expect to use all summer
long on their various patients change the
color of the hair so imperceptibly
and yet so speedily that it will be en-
ough for the owner of the lighter
hair to lay the change in appearance to
the scorching sun or the effect of salt
water and sea air and out-of-door life.

A scalp specialist who treats the hair
under the direction of a doctor makes a
specialty of changing the color of the
hair so gradually that husbands, moth-
ers, sisters and brothers are deceived,
and lay the change of coloring to nature
rather than to art.

This woman was explaining her pro-
cess to me the other day.

"Of course," she said, "I never change
the color of the hair until I have cured
the scalp of any disease and strength-
ened the growth of the hair in gen-
eral. In almost all cases it's a nice
change the color of the hair, except by
simple things like camellia or henna
tea or a little bit of henna tea, which
really is not harmful at all; but perox-
ide and permanganate not only ruin the



IT WAS THIS WAY IN 1776

(Reproduced by London Graphic from an English Magazine of 1776)

A Delicious June Dessert.

FOR a dessert the old recipe, which well a small half cup of rice and
boiled with a little salt until it is very soft, it may need half a hour,
drain it and let it stand in the oven with the door open till it is rather
dry. Then add it, and to it add half a pint of cream whipped stiff and four
tablespoons of powdered sugar, flavor with cordial or sherry. Put it into
a mould as soon as possible to prevent the cream from thinning and bury
the dish in ice and salt for four hours. Turn out on a cold platter and an-
gle a little whipped cream, or put some large strawberries around it. Serve on
iced plates. — Harper's Bazar.

Four Dark Nights in the Life of a Blonde By Ethel L. Patterson



Days We Celebrate Too Many to Count

Besides the Regular Fixed and Mov-
able Feasts We Throw in a Few
Little Extra Celebrations.

By I. S. Cobb.

From His Glasses to Green Glasses:

NEW YORK, May 30.

DEAR GREEN: There are
so many
days to celebrate
in New York that
a fellow who
doesn't happen to
be one of the
thirty-seven in-
habitants that
were born here
almost loses count
sometimes. They
have a lot of days
in New York
when people residing in the United
States proper always seem to be able to
struggle along without, and still re-
main reasonably happy. You know
Leap Year is a popular institution local-
ly. It gives us a chance for a celebra-
tion on one extra day.

Up here we're always observing Yum
Kippers, or Ash Wednesdays or Black
Fridays or Nut Sundries (served to St.
Sola of the Fountain) or Old Guard
Bull Nights, and Following Perennials;
or Days set apart for the Tammany
Allegation to take a rough fall out of
Gen. Bingham, or Days preceding festal
evenings when then Bingham rises at
the banquet board and speaks severely
of the Tammany Allegation, or Days
when Jerome doesn't convict any male-
factors of great wealth, which is both
a fixed and a movable feast, occurring
between 34 and 35 times every year.

And then we have other days such as
Annoy Days, when the young of the
race as forth in the wet grass with
songs and garlands gay to plant trees
and the seeds of pneumonia, and May
Walk Days, which generally come in
June, hence the name; and Days of the
Fresh Children's Warm Air Fund, the
purpose being to take the tots of the
elementals forth to the country. In
addition excursion cars and let them
ride rash freely, and Football Days
in the late fall, which are also cele-
brated with outings and rides by the
undertakers in from forty-eight to sev-

enty-two hours thereafter; and the
regular days that everybody else knows
about, like Election and Wash Monday
and Christmas and the Fourth, and
then when there comes along a stray
day that has been carelessly overlooked
by the parties in charge and sent a
regular day of sorrow, it is customary
to make amends for the slight by
appointing it as a day of some kind of
season when to dig in some dead
stateman with just a few frost-bitten
as if he came from the Guinness farm
or else an episode some tidy old Revolu-
tionary hero that's been comfortably
planted for eighty or ninety years, and
lie him out in state for one day and
then confer him as a fresh size as to
give a proposed cemetery of a sub-
urban building commission the proper
case and furnish an opportunity for a
free street parade by Col. Bird Gardner
and other patriotic societies.

Maybe you rather than that I'm
feeling peevish, and may be I am; but
there's one day that meets with my
cordial approbation from day-longed
dawn to cloud-strewn night, and that's
the day we're engaged in celebrating
and go to press with these few re-
marks.

It might be inferred that I refer to
Decoration Day.

The Old Boy That Did the Fighting
is getting along in years, Green. It's
possible that the young fellows have
sort of shoved him up stake. It may be
that lately he's had to get somebody
to read to him when it's fine print,
and it occasionally happens that his

greatest business activities are confined
to sitting by the back window of the
flat with his eyes on the kids to see that
they don't climb out on the fire-escape
and break their young necks.

But this morning when the talented

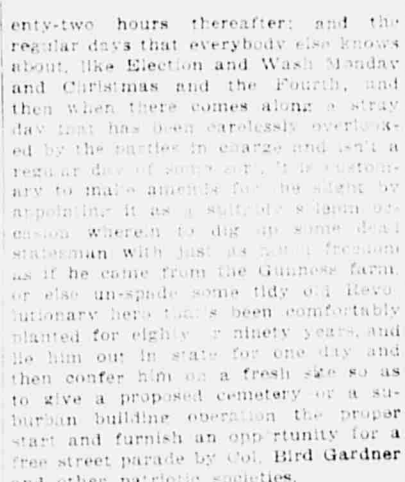
Any Stray Day That's
Been Overlooked
Has Something
Fitted to It.

Decoration Day, with
Its "Old Boys" that
Did the Fighting, Is
All Right.

Germans at the head of the line began
to make the bar horn go "tumpah,
tumpah," and the party playing the in-
strument that looks like a fountain pen
worn sideways of the face began to pro-
duce those life-noises that always re-
mind you of forlorn hopes and last
trenches and buff coats with yellow
facings and bloody feet at Valley Forge
and Isidore Putnam on a white horse—
when these cheering sounds were heard
in the distance the Old Boy came out.

He wasn't in the background any
more. The grandchildren could climb
out of the window if it pleased them so
to do; somebody else could take the
errands to the grocery-man. The Old Boy
was in the job.

And you'd be surprised to see how
many there are of them, and how much
glimp they can still throw into the line
of march, and how most of them still
have a reasonably complete supply, all
around of arms and legs. The Old
Boy isn't one-legged or empty-headed
any more unless he's in a nice senti-
mental picture, anyhow. The one-legged
ones these days are mainly sawmill
survivors and Sunday collision sur-
vivors.



And as you see him to-day, head up
and shoulders back, stepping along to
"Marching Through Georgia," if he
were the blue or "Maryland My Mary-
land," if he were the gray, it doesn't
make any difference whether your dad
were blue or the gray. If you're the
right sort a lump sets in your throat
and your chest clings up and your
face feels like rain, and you're ashamed
of it and proud of it at the same time,
and you reach the conclusion that in
spite of high water, the tariff on wood
pulp, Anthony Comstock's whiskers and
your father's boots, she's a pretty good
old United States and that we may be
able to get along all right for another
year. Yours, HI.

Rattlesnakes on Book Shelves.

By Ralph Connor.

IF I had my choice," declared "Ralph Connor"—the Rev. Charles
W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, Canada—in the Philadelphia North
American, discussing "Lucas Mallet," Anthony Hope, Marie Cor-
nell, Hall Caine, A. C. Swinburne and all writers of decadent
erotic fiction and poetry. "I would rather take a nest of vipers
into my house than such a book. Rattlesnakes might kill physically—but bad
books kill spiritually. I would rather take the worst man into my home—a man
of degraded, corrupt morals—and let him be among my family than a decadent
book."

"You may protect your children from the evil influence of a man; but you
can't protect children from the bad influence of an evil book. An evil book has
personality as much as a human being. It cannot be destroyed. Its influence is
insidious."

"The popularity of erotic fiction and putrid poetry tends to degrade and cor-
rupt the youth of the land. The success of the books of this type in America is
most significant. It is ominous."